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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Edited by Lady Smith. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

Two volumes filled with the correspondence of the greatest botanists and philosophers of the past generation with a man so distinguished in science as Sir James Edward Smith, must possess much to gratify the scientific world. But it has never fallen to our lot to meet with a publication of which we can convey so slight a knowledge to the public, either by analysis or extract. Every letter relates to different subjects; and the notices of discoveries of plants, and other incidents, are so brief, that it is impossible for us to force them into any critical arrangement. We must therefore rest contented with a most imperfect and desultory sketch, from the materials brought together in these two volumes by the conjugal affection of his surviving lady.

Sir James E. Smith was born in 1759, at Norwich (a city which has produced many eminent persons, and to this day evinces much intellectual and literary superiority within its circle), and at a very early age displayed much precocity of talent. At eighteen his predilection for botany was strongly developed, and his studies were ever after directed to that branch, though educated at Edinburgh to the medical profession. Of this we find a proof in a letter to his father, dated 11th March, 1782, where he says:—"Mr. Martineau advises me to get into the Medical Society; but there is a law made, that no more can be admitted this year. The Earl of Buchan was made an honorary member last Saturday; but that is an extraordinary thing. I always find means to get in as a visitor: I was there last Saturday fortnight, and spoke twice, from which I hope you will think I have got rid of some of my *mauvaise honte*. The members were disputing on the analogy of the diseases of brutes with those of men, and how far the method of cure which succeeds in theirs might be applied to ours. I ventured to represent the danger which might happen from trusting too much to this analogy, considering that many plants are poisonous to some animals and wholesome to others, of which I gave several instances. The president very politely thanked me for my observations. I find they are wonderfully ignorant of natural history; and even my little knowledge of the subject gives me an importance which I hope will be of great advantage, and may perhaps in some measure atone for my deficiency in classical learning."

In this year he, in conjunction with some young friends, founded a Natural History Society in the Scottish capital, the prototype of the Linnæan, which, only a few years later, emanated from him in London. He says, in a letter of April 15:

"—, myself, and four or five friends, who have a turn for natural history, have lately formed a society for the prosecution of that

study. Dr. Walker, the new professor, who is a most amiable, worthy, and ingenious man, no sooner heard of it than he offered us his museum to meet in, with the use of his books and specimens; and he begged to be admitted an ordinary member, which he accordingly was, and about seven young men besides. Dr. Hope was made an honorary member, as he cannot often attend us; but Dr. Walker, who has no business to follow but natural history, foresees the consequence this society may be of to him, and is resolved to support it as much as possible. Several men of genius and rank have petitioned to be admitted as ordinary members, among whom are the Earls of Glasgow and Anernam, and Lord Dacre, son to the Earl of Selkirk,—three young noblemen of fine parts and great fortunes. We have had two public meetings: at the first Dr. Walker was president, and at the last I had that honour; and the other members are to take it in turn: four visitors are admitted every night. We meet every Friday evening, from six to nine o'clock; and two papers are to be produced and discussed at every meeting, the members taking it in turn to write them. I did not accept the office of president without great anxiety; but I went through it with credit, as I knew the power I held, which is absolute for the time in all societies. I have great hopes that this will be a most respectable and useful institution, and am very proud of having been one of its first founders."

Throughout life Sir James was no enemy to fun and drollery; his disposition was very amiable, and his pursuits attractive; so that it is not a matter of surprise, that in Edinburgh first, and afterwards wherever he was, his progress in society was of a delightful kind, and his friends numerous and intelligent, gentlemen and scholars.

On completing his studies in the North, he came to London; and in 1784 became the purchaser of the cabinet and MSS. of the celebrated Linnæus. This gave the colour to all his future days, and is thus noticed in the work before us, to his father, June 18:

"Honoured sir,—this day I received the long-wished-for letter from Sweden. It contains an accurate inventory of the insects and shells, with the number of species in every genus, by which it appears that these collections are truly noble, even beyond what I could expect. The species of insects are in all 3196; of shells 1564, and 200 more not arranged: there is also a fine collection of minerals; of these there are 2424 specimens; among them are 108 silver and 31 gold ones, &c. &c. There are 45 birds in glass cases. The bargain is concluded with me on these terms,—Baron Alströmer is to have the small herbarium, and I am to give 900 guineas for the rest."

A good deal of difficulty attended the negotiation so fortunately concluded; and "the ship which was conveying this valuable cargo had just sailed, when the king of Sweden, Gustavus III., who had been absent in France, returned home, and sent a vessel to the Sound

to intercept its voyage; but happily it was too late. At the end of October 1784, the packages were safely landed at the custom-house. The whole cost of the collection, including the freight, was 1088l. 6s."

Sir J. Smith was subsequently elected a F.R.S., and made a pretty extensive tour on the continent; of an account of which tour, and the correspondence during its continuance, a considerable portion of the first volume consists. A sketch of the former was published; and though agreeable to his Whig friends, some of the passages seem to have been disbelieved by the opposite party, especially a notice of Rousseau, and the application of the epithet Mesallina to the unfortunate Queen of France.

In 1788 Sir James removed from Chelsea, where he had settled with his botanical treasures, to Great Marlborough Street, to practice as a physician. It was here he formed the Linnæan Society.

"With the assistance of Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Goodenough, Mr. Marsham, and a few others, this object was carried into effect; and the first meeting of its members was held at his own house in Great Marlborough Street, on the 8th of April, 1788, on which occasion Sir James delivered 'A Discourse on the Rise and Progress of Natural History,'—an animated and most instructive address, auspicious of the prosperity of the new-formed institution, and which affords a convincing proof that the study of nature is not a tasteless and insipid one. He was at the same time appointed president of the community, which was designated by the appropriate name of 'The Linnæan Society.' 'I consider myself,' he observed, 'as a trustee of the public, and hold these treasures only for the purpose of making them useful to the world and natural history in general, and particularly to this Society, of which I glory in having contributed to lay the foundation, and to the service of which I shall joyfully consecrate my labours, so long as it continues to answer the purposes for which it is designed.' This institution, venerable now by its duration, approaching to half a century, has enrolled among its members from the beginning, names illustrious as well by high birth as by high claims to scientific distinction, in France, and Holland, and Germany; in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain, as well as in England; and in its later days the catalogue is swelled with names from America and India."

Sir James also distinguished himself by delivering lectures on botany at his own home, and at Guy's Hospital, for many years, which were much and highly followed, and tended greatly to promote a general love of this pure and fascinating study. In 1802, the Society was incorporated by royal charter; and we quote a passage concerning it.

"At a period when the illustrious individual, in whose honour the Linnæan Society was founded, is assailed on all sides, it will be interesting to know, that, unmoved by the almost general defection, he, who may be com-

sidered as his principal representative, still continued to advocate the principles of the immortal Swedish naturalist; and this unaltered adherence Sir James expressed in his last introductory lecture at the London Institution in 1825, as well as in the concluding pages of his latest printed work, the *English Flora*, where the author alludes to 'principles too little studied by the pursuers of superabundant discrimination, instead of philosophical combinations. This,' he asserts, 'is the bane of natural science at the present day: hence the *filum Ariadneum* is lost, or wilfully thrown away, and a bandage darkens the sight of the teacher no less than that of the student.' Yet Sir James cannot be said to stand alone and unsupported in his opinion. 'The question,' he remarks, 'of the natural or artificial character of Jussieu's system, has been ably discussed by the celebrated Mr. Roscoe in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, vol. xi. p. 50, who, in shewing that this method involves several as unnatural assemblages as the professedly artificial system of Linnaeus, contends that little is to be gained by its adoption with respect to a conformity to nature.' And in the fifteenth volume of the *Society's Transactions*, Mr. Bichenov, in a paper on Systems and Methods in Natural History, observes, 'that the two great masters of botanical science (Linnaeus and Jussieu) propose different ends, and ought not to be regarded as rivals. Division and separation are the ends of the artificial system; to establish agreements, is the end of the natural.' Following the same idea, the Rev. E. B. Ramsay, in a biographical notice of his lamented friend, printed in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, observes, that 'there is no point on which young botanists are more mistaken than in their ideas of natural classification. They often imagine they have only to commence the study of natural arrangements, and become at once profound philosophical botanists. This is one of the signs of the times,—a desire to grasp at general results and conclusions without a previous study in detail. The error in this case is putting the natural and artificial methods in opposition to each other; whereas it appears to be the object of the artificial system to collect materials to form a natural one. But it has been of late spoken of rather as something quite superseded—as something to give way to a new and a nobler structure, built upon a foundation entirely different.'

"The Kinderley family having been mentioned in a former page, it may not be uninteresting in this place to relate the following anecdote, which an old servant, who had lived fifty-two years with Mrs. Kinderley and her daughter Mrs. Smith, frequently repeated as a fact with which she was well acquainted, and in part a witness of. The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord D—— was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for the widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D—— accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady

were enclosed excited the suspicions of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D—— proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them was within. Accordingly the proposal was yielded to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognised in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation, that Lady D—— had been married against her inclination to this person, and, determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D——. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and on the same evening Lord D——, in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was called out to speak to a stranger, and returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D—— sat up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend; and, at day-break, in order to avoid any interview with his host's family, for which his spirits were unequal, he departed."

At the end of the Correspondence, which reaches to nearly 400 pages in the second volume, and comprehends many foreigners of the greatest celebrity, there is an apology (we use the word in the right sense, as used by the Bishop of Llandaff) for the religious opinions of Sir James Smith. But as we rarely trespass upon such topics, we shall merely notice that this esteemed individual died on the 17th of March, 1828, having produced many botanical works which have highly elevated his own character and the character of his country, and tended widely to spread the cultivation of that science to which he was devotedly attached throughout a long life.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.
Edited by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts. London,
1833. Longman and Co.

A VERY pretty volume, and exceedingly well adapted to its class of readers. The stories are various, and blend information and amusement; while the poems are lively and musical. The family of the Howitts have been most valuable contributors; there is a simplicity and good feeling about their writings which has a charm much easier felt than described. "A Summer-day's Adventure of three School-boys" is a delightful tale; so is "A Day in an Island." "The Pleasures of Industry," by Mrs. Alaric Watts, is a most prettily turned lesson; "Rhymes of the Cards," very ingenious, by Miss Emma Roberts; and we would also mention "The Turnpike-gate," by H. F. Chorley; "Mary and Martha." To only one do we positively object, viz. "Dolly's Beaux," there is a premature affectation in it which we dislike exceedingly; and something worse than absurd in the following quotation as applied to a child of four years disappointed in a romp.

"Sigh no more, ladies sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."

We quote the following touching little poem, "The Wanderer's Return," by Mary Howitt.

"There was a gentle Province girl,
Fresh as a flower in May,
Who 'neath a spreading plane-tree sat
Upon a summer day,
And thus unto a mourner young
In a low voice did she say:—
'And said I, I shall dance no more;
For though but young in years,
I knew, what makes men wise and sad,
Affection's ceaseless fears,
And that dull aching of the heart
Which is not eased by tears.
But sorrow may not always last,
God keeps the meek in view;
Mine is a simple tale, dear friend,
Yet will I tell it you;
A simple tale of household grief,
And household gladness too.
My father in the battle died,
And left young children three;
My brother Marc, a noble lad,
With spirit bold and free,
More kind than common brothers are,
And Isabelle and me.

When Marc had sixteen summers seen,
A tall youth and a strong,
Said he, 'I am a worthless drone—
I do my mother wrong;
I'll out and win the bread I eat—
I've burdened you too long!'

Oh! many tears my mother shed,
And earnestly did pray
That he would still abide with us
And be the house's stay,
And be like morn unto her eyes,
As he had been always.

But Marc he had a steadfast will,
A purpose fixed and good,
And calmly still, and manfully,
Her prayers he long withstood;
Until at length she gave consent,
Less willing than subdued.

'Twas on a shining morn of June
He rose up to depart—
I dared not to my mother shew
The sadness of my heart;
We said farewell, and yet farewell,
As if we could not part.

There seemed a gloom within the house,
Although the bright sun shone:
There was a want within our hearts;
For the blindest, dearest one
Had said farewell that morn of June,
And from our sight was gone.

Ere long, most doleful tidings came,
Sad tidings of dismay—
The plague was in the distant town,
And hundreds died each day;
We thought, in truth, poor Marc would die
'Mid strangers far away.

Weeks passed, and months, and not a word
Came from him, to dispel
The almost certainty of death
Which o'er our spirits fell;
My mother drooped from fear, which grew
Each day more terrible.

'At length,' said she, 'I'll see my son,
In life if yet he be,
Or else the turf that covers him!
Then sank she on her knee,
And clasped her hands in silent prayer,
And wept most piteously.

She went unto the distant town,

Still asking every where
For tidings of her long-lost son—
In vain she made her prayer;
All were so full of wo themselves,
No pity had they to spare.

To hear her tell that tale would move
The sternest heart to bleed;
She was a stranger in that place,
And none of her took heed;
And broken-hearted she came back,
A bowed and bruised reed.

I marked her cheek yet paler grow,
More sunken yet her eye;
And to my soul assurance came
That she was near to die,
And hourly was my earnest prayer
Put up for her on high.

Oh, what a wo seem'd then to us
The friendless orphans' fate!
I dared not picture to my mind
How drear, how desolate—
And, like a frightened thing, my heart
Shrank from a pang so great!

We rarely left my mother's side;
'Twas joy to touch her hand,
And with unwearied, patient love,
Beside her couch to stand,
To wait on her, and every wish
Unspoke to understand.

At length, O joy beyond all joys!

When we believed him dead,
One calm and sunny afternoon,
As she lay on her bed,
In quiet sleep, methought below
I heard my brother's tread.

I rose, and on the ascending stair
I saw himself—no other,
More beautiful than ere before,
My tall and manly brother!
I should have swooned, but for the thought
Of my poor sleeping mother.

I cannot tell you how we met;
I could not speak for weeping;
Nor had I words enough for joy,
My heart within seem'd leaping:
I should have screamed, but for the thought
Of her who there lay sleeping.

That Marc returned in joy to us,
My mother dream'd o' on then,
And that prepared her for the bliss
Of meeting him again:
To tell how great that bliss, would need
The tongue of wisest men!

His lightest tone, his very step,
More power had they to win
My drooping mother back to life
Than every medicine:
She rose again like one arisen
From the grave where he had been.

The story that my brother told
Was long and full of joy;
Scarce to the city had he come,
A poor and friendless boy,
Than he met, by chance, a merchant good,
From whom he asked employ.

The merchant was a childless man;
And in my brother's face
Something he saw that moved his heart
To such unusual grace:
"My son," said he, "is dead; wilt thou
Supply to me his place?"

Even then, bound to the golden East,
His ship before them lay;
And this new bond of love was formed
There, standing on the quay:
My brother went on board with him,
And sail'd that very day!

The letter that he wrote to us
Did never reach our hand;
And while we drooped with anxious love,
He gained the Indian strand,
And saw a thousand wondrous things
In that old, famous land.

And many rich and curious things,
Bright bird and pearly shell,
He brought, as if to realise
The tales he had to tell.
My mother smile, and wept, and smiled,
And listened, and grew well!
The merchant loved him more and more,
And did a father's part,
And blessed my brother for the love
That healed his wounded heart:
He was a friend that Heaven had sent,
Kind mercy to impart.

So do not droop, my gentle friend,
When grief has blinded sore;
Look up to God, for he hath love
And comfort in great store,
And moveth oftentimes human hearts
To bless us o'er and o'er!"

The new binding is equally handsome and durable—it is a prettily ornamented scarlet morocco.

Illustrations of Political Economy. No. IX. Ireland. A Tale. By Harriet Martineau. C. Fox. London, 1832.

A PICTURE equally true and terrible—industry unrequited, and thereby made desperate—ignorance, which want so easily drives to crime—famine, sickness, and death—such are the familiar events in these pages; and who but must admit that they are indeed the familiar events in Ireland? We shall give one scene, which we must preface by observing, that Dan and Dora were an industrious young couple; but the husband rendered reckless, and the wife desponding, by a series of distresses which have driven them to seek a refuge among the hills. A vessel has been wrecked on the coast, which leads to a frightful night of plunder and murder.

"Dan was among the plunderers. He was not at liberty to decline any enterprise proposed by the captain of the gang with which he had

associated himself; and on his return from a distant expedition, which had detained him from his home for some days, he found himself called upon, in fulfilment of his oath, to take part in a scene of plunder, of a kind which he abhorred, in sight of his own dwelling. While he was ordered to rob middlemen, terrify agents, and half-murder the-proctors, he discharged his mission with hearty good will, under the notion of avenging his own wrongs; but it was quite a different thing to delude foreigners, put them in peril of their lives, and strip them of every thing; and he said so. In reply, he was reminded of his oath (an oath too solemn to be slighted), and immediately commanded, as a test of obedience, to take up a bale of goods from the wreck, and carry it up to find house-room in his cabin. He did so with a heavy heart, dreading thus to meet Dora, after a separation of some days. She had never yet seen him equipped as a whiteboy, or been expressly told what occupation he followed. He paused outside, leaning against the doorless entrance to watch what was passing within. All was so strange and fearful, that a deadly horror came over him, lest the one whom he saw moving about should not be the real Dora, but some spirit in her likeness. She was employed about her mother's corpse, which lay on the bare ground. Her motions were so rapid as to appear almost convulsive. Now she knelt beside the body, straightening the limbs, and striving in vain to cover it completely with a piece of linen which was too small for the purpose; now she fixed her one rush-light in a lump of clay, and placed it at the head; now she muttered from beneath the hair which fell over her face as she stooped; and then, leaning back, uttered the shrill funeral cry with a vehemence which brought some colour back to her ashy pale countenance. "Whist, whist!" muttered she impatiently to herself. "I have given the cry, and nobody comes. Father Glenn forgot me long ago, and my own father has forgot us, and Dan—I don't know what has been done to Dan, and he tells nobody. He won't forget me long, however." "Forget you, Dora!" said Dan, gently, as he laid hold of her cloak. "Did I keep my oath so long when you lived in your father's cabin in the glen, and shall I forget you now?" She folded her arms in her cloak with a look of indifference, as she glanced at the bale he carried. "O, you have brought a sheet, as I was wanting," said she; "but where are the candles? I have but this one; and nothing in the way of a shutter or a door, you see; and there's no company come yet; so you will have time. Make haste, Dan." "Shall I bid the neighbours to the wake?" inquired Dan, who thought the best way of gaining her attention was to help her to fulfil first the duties to the dead, which rank so high among social obligations in Ireland. At a sign from her he threw down his load, and hastened to the beach, whence he brought a plank, on which to lay the body, candles wherewith to illuminate the bier, and spirits with which to exercise hospitality. He gave notice, at the same time, to his captain and comrades, that when a blaze should be seen on the cliff, and the funeral lament heard, all would be ready for their reception at the wake:—the burning of the bed of the deceased before the door, and the utterance of the death-cry, being the customary mode of invitation to the wakes of the Irish poor. Dan was yet more struck with the death-like paleness of his wife's face when he again joined her. He inquired whether any neighbours had helped her to nurse her mother,

and whether her rest had been much broken; but she scarcely attended to his questions. She clapped her hands, as if in glee, at sight of what he brought, and seemed altogether so much more like a wilful child than like his thoughtful and devoted Dora, that fancy again crossed him that some mocking fiend had taken possession of her form. He asked her, with much internal trembling, whether she had duly prayed this night? She started, and said she had strangely forgotten herself; and forthwith went through her customary devotions in a way which, though hurried, was very unlike any which a fiend would dare to attempt; and Dan was so far satisfied. "Bring out the bed," said she, pointing to the straw on which her mother had been wont to lie. "While it is burning, I will raise the cry once more, and see if any one will come." Dan moved a bundle which lay on the straw, but let it go again in a pang of horror when the feeble cry of an infant proceeded from it. In an instant he understood all. He took up the child, and placed it on Dora's bosom without saying a word. "O, my child! ay, I forgot it when I forgot my prayers; but it cannot have been hungry long, I'm thinking. Hold him while I strip off my cloak that keeps me as hot as if I had a fire burning within me." And she carelessly slipped the babe into her husband's arms. "O Dora!" cried he in a choking voice, "is this the way you give a child of ours into my arms for the first time?" She looked at him with perplexity in her countenance, said she knew nothing at all about it, and before he could prevent her, set fire to the straw, and gave the other appointed signal. Up came the company of whiteboys, crowding round the cabin, rushing to the bier, and exciting Dora more and more every moment by their looks and their proceedings. She now, for the first time, perceived the peculiarity of her husband's dress. She went from one to another, observing upon the arms they carried, and stopped at last before Dan, who was in earnest conversation with his captain. "So you have enrolled yourself, Dan! So you have pledged and pledged yourself to your band since you swore you would wed me only! Much may they do for you that I could not do! but O, may they never do you the evil that I would not do! They may give you clothes these winter nights, when I have nothing warmer at home for you than my own heart. They may find you whisky and lights for the wake, and other things as you want them; but they will make you pay more than you ever paid to me, Dan. They will take you among snares in the night: they will set you on other men's beasts to go over bogs where you will sink, and under rocks that will crush you: they will set you where bullets are flying round you; they will put a knife in your hand, and make you dip your soul in blood. If you refuse, they will burn you and me together within four walls; and if you agree, they will lead you on to something worse than bogs or rocks, or a soldier's shot: they will send you to be set before the judge, and refused mercy, and then—" "For Christ's sake stop her!" exclaimed Dan. He seized her hands to prevent her stripping his whiteboy uniform from his shoulders, as soon as he had given his baby in charge to a compassionate by-stander. "Move the corpse," ordered the captain. "Keep the wake down below, and bring the first woman you can meet with, to tend this poor creature. Clear the cabin instantly." "Give the word, captain," cried one, "and we'll catch a doctor—the same that we brought blindfold when O'Leary was murdered almost. We'll whip

up horses, and have him here and home by noon." "No, no; not till we see what the women say. Hilloo, boys! bring out the bier fair and easy, and decent." Dora's struggles to follow were fierce, and her cries at being kept from this duty heart-rending. No one could effectually quiet her till she had been some hours committed to the care of a matron, who was brought from some invisible place to nurse her. Slowly and sadly she recovered. Some said she was never again the same Dora; but others saw no farther change than the melancholy which was likely to become fixed in her by such an experience as her's. She could never recall any circumstances connected with the death of her mother and the birth of her child. She could only suppose, as her husband did, that the old woman's exertions had sufficed for her daughter, and been fatal to herself.

Again we heartily praise these valuable works; it is both a duty and a pleasure to commend them to public favour.

The Comic Offering. Smith and Elder.

HAVING given our opinion of this *Offering* to Momus, we only return to it in order to corroborate our judgment by extract and illustration. There is a very quiet vein of humour in the story of the Flybkins.

"The Flybkins were distant connexions of the great Lord B., living 'gently' in the west of England; and Mr. and Mrs. Flybkin were the only adult members of the family at the period of the incident which gave rise to this anecdote. It happened once that these 'country cousins' were possessed with an uncontrollable desire to enter within the hitherto unapproached circle of London fashion and gaiety, in which their noble relatives moved with such distinction. Every thing was propitious in furtherance of the meditated scheme: the spring was approaching, London filling, the country emptying, and the children could all go to school. A few weeks 'in town, just to see what was going on,' would be fully worth the journey, especially as it would afford an opportunity for them to commence an acquaintance with their magnificent relations; and as the boys were growing up, it might be serviceable to their interests to tighten the bonds of connexion a little, which had, from lapse of time, and want of intercourse, become somewhat loosened. There is an old saying—'where there is a will, there is always a way.' In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Flybkin, being bent on the measure, argued themselves into a belief of the projected visit being nothing short of an imperative moral duty. When matters had gone thus far, a hint was dropped in the drawing-room, which immediately reached the 'domestic department,' and very soon spread through the village,—as the smallest stone falling into water creates successive circles around the spot where it fell, each increasing in circumference. Accordingly, the Flybkins were the centre of attraction on the following Sunday, after morning service. Hearty congratulations, and ardent wishes for a pleasant trip, with various commissions, pressed upon them. The newest fashions were promised to be brought down, and the village milliner looked forward to a glorious triumph over all her rivals in the trade about the country. The happy pair were on the pinnacle of provincial glory; he was expected to return with the true state of foreign affairs and the nation; from the intercourse he would enjoy with the peer; she was expected to import news of operas, plays, music, novels, writers, balls, routs, drawing-rooms and dresses, from her

intercourse with the peers. In all the pleasure to which they looked forward there was but one drawback, viz. a most extraordinary dread of London fires at night; and this originated in the frequent occurrence in their county paper of paragraphs headed 'Another alarming conflagration; many lives lost!'—put in either to aid the insurance office, or fill the paper. As our rustic pair had never visited the metropolis, they did not know but Leadenhall Street and Hyde Park, Lambeth and Portland Place, might all be close neighbours; therefore, however distant the different fires might be, they fancied they all occurred nearly in the same place; and from the time Mr. and Mrs. Flybkins resolved to visit town, scarcely a night passed in which they did not start in terror from their dreams, screaming 'Fire, fire!' All was hurry and preparation at 'the lodge,' until the anticipated arrival of the 'Barnstaple Sociable' one morning at the door, summoned the ambitious pair; and on the fourth day of their departure from Devonshire, they were duly set down at the White Horse Cellar, for road-making had not then received the magic touch of Macadam. The next day was occupied in searching for, and entering, suitable lodgings; and the following day, having hired a carriage, which their unpractised eyes considered most elegant in style and equipment, they sallied forth, armed with a card-case, and a long list of commissions, the practised horses going at the full rate of six miles an hour. A friendly and familiar visit over to some Devonshire friends in Devonshire Place, they essayed next to discharge the now almost dreaded call of state; for that which, contemplated at a distance, imparted joy and hope, when at hand possessed something of awe mingled with these feelings. Arrived in Grosvenor Square, after sidling along the gutter close by the foot pavement, the distance of two or three houses, and with a little preliminary tug of the reins, the coachman drew up opposite the door of No. —. Two powdered lackeys in rich livery were peering through the long narrow windows on each side of the door, and anticipated the intention of the diminutive, bandy footman, of knocking, (that is, if he could have reached the knocker). To the question of 'Lord and Lady B. at home?' a negative answer was delivered; they were gone to the country, but were expected back to dinner. A card was then handed in, inscribed in the neatest spider-pattern handwriting of Mrs. Flybkin; and they drove off to pursue the agreeable pastime of shopping and going through part of the list of commissions, vivenda and agenda, with which they were provided. As the Flybkins drove along the streets, the words 'Patent Fire-escapes,' in large letters, upon the front of a tall-house, attracted their attention, and roused all their latent fears of London fires, with accounts of which the newspapers so frequently teemed. A fire-escape would impart security to sleep, and might be taken down into the country. Accordingly the check-string was pulled, the manufactory entered, the machines inspected, an economical one selected by each: and in an hour after their arrival at home to dinner, the fire-escapes were duly mounted in one of the front bed-room windows. Their evening meal being finished at the barbarous hour of nine, the Flybkins began to yawn over the events of the past day, and the prospective engagements of the morrow. The excitements of the morning in the crowded London streets had completely tired the rustic couple, who being susceptible of no farther excitement, sought

repose at this early hour, and were both soon wrapt in deep sleep. Leaving them to enjoy their repose, we return to Grosvenor Square. The noble pair returned to a family dinner, and on entering the house, read, with strained eyeballs, the card deposited that morning by the Flybkins, and with some such an expression of countenance as one may be supposed to assume in discovering something in a drawer more than was anticipated. 'Umph!' said the peer, 'the Flybkins in town! what could have brought them up so far from the country?' 'Something that will not detain them long, I hope,' dryly answered Lady B. 'Yet we must make some notice of these country cousins,' said the peer; 'let us invite them to a family dinner.' 'Well, if we must,' said the countess shrugging her shoulders; and with that the subject dropped for the time. Now it is quite clear, that however brilliant might have been the prospects of the Flybkins, the peer and his lady wished them anywhere but in London; and, rather than invite them to Grosvenor Square to dinner, the former would have been glad to be left off with a writership for one of the sons in India. Their carriage was ordered at ten, to convey them to the Duchess of R.'s party, and Lord B. proposed to make a friendly call upon their relations before waiting on her grace. Accordingly thither they drove, accompanied by two footmen bearing blazing flambeaux, the custom of the great in those days, when the town was not so well lighted as in the present age. The signs of this custom are indeed still to be seen in front of many houses, which served for the footmen to extinguish their lights. Meantime the Flybkins slept on, not dreaming of the honour intended them, and were as sound asleep as Duncan in Macbeth's castle, when a long thundering rap at the door startled them amid their slumbers. The diminutive bandy footman had gone home with the coachman and horses, the landlady and her family had followed the example of the lodgers; and before any one could rise to unbar and open the door, to ascertain the cause of such an unusual alarm, a second louder and longer rap had been made upon it, and which awoke the sleepers to an instinctive idea that the house was on fire; a notion confirmed by the strong glare of red light reflected against their windows, and illuminating the apartment, as the footmen impatiently shook thousands of sparks from the flambeaux. As Bonaparte observed upon another occasion, 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step.' So it was with the Flybkins. From the most sublime repose they hurried into the ridiculous fire-escapes, in the full conviction that the lower part of the house was on fire; and without waiting to dress, or inquire into the real state of affairs, they gave the signal-word 'Now!' and both descended in all the freshness of their fears to the pavement before the door! The wondering lord and lady, and still more wondering footman, gazed upon the apparition before them with the most inexplicable amazement, totally at a loss to conceive the cause of such a novel reception. The terrified pair were, like Othello, 'perplexed in the extreme,' when they found themselves, instead of being in the confusion of a fire, deposited beneath the windows of a magnificent carriage, attended by footmen with white torches, and a full-dressed lady and gentleman inquiring after them, and the meaning of the extraordinary descent. A few minutes served to explain the *mal-à-propos* mistake; the detected pair sought refuge in the hall of the house, with some such feelings

as our first parents experienced when they had tasted the fatal apple in the garden of Eden. The carriage rolled away with the tittering coachman and footmen, and the ill-suppressed mirth of their master and mistress, who quickly disseminated the story throughout the fashionable throng of the party whither they were bent, and which remained for the rest of the season a standing joke wherever Lord and Lady B. appeared. Humbled and confused, the unhappy Flybekins could not retrieve the blunder they had committed, and prudently resigned all their ambitious schemes. So they returned to Devonshire with the unlucky fire-escapes, sincerely regretting they had ever been tempted to purchase them. But, although the disaster had got wind, and with various versions had reached even into Devonshire, they were much consoled by the following narration of it which appeared in the county paper, in a light most favourable to their interests and reputation, although totally devoid of truth in almost every particular. The flaming paragraph ran thus:—“We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, of —, in this county, while upon a visit to their noble relatives, Lord and Lady B. in London, narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The devouring element almost destroyed the lower part of the family mansion in Grosvenor Square, over which the lady and gentleman slept, who had retired early to bed, and who by the accidental return of Lord and Lady B. from a party, were awakened only just in time to effect their retreat by means of a fire-escape, fortunately attached to their bed-room window. We are informed that the fire occurred in consequence of the footmen appointed to sit up for their master and mistress having fallen asleep, leaving a lighted candle in the room. Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin escaped, with the loss of all their clothes but what they hurried on in the confusion, and were conveyed to a neighbouring hotel by their noble relatives, where they received succour for the night.” But unhappily for the Flybe-

kins, the naked truth at length forced its way into Devonshire, and the true statement of the matter was circulated as above related, and now handed down to their posterity. Thus the best version of their story only placed them 'out of the fire into the frying-pan,' and the unlucky fire-escapes merely saved them from the fear of being badly burnt, in order that they might all the rest of their lives be well roasted!”

In the preface we find the following passage:—“Where the writers have not affixed their names to the MSS., I have not taken the liberty of adding them, fearing it would be considered as a breach of confidence, by those who might not wish their names to be known. Two of my noble contributors say they withhold their signatures in consequence of the severity with which aristocratic writers are treated by some of the critical press:—while acceding to their wishes, I must be allowed a difference of opinion on this point; and, indeed, the two contributions with which they have honoured the *Comic Offering* might, I think, fearlessly encounter all unprejudiced criticism.”

We fear there is some truth in this; but surely aristocratic writers ought rather to be satisfied with the praise of those whose talents raise them towards their rank, than regard the blackguardism which in vain endeavours to reduce them to its own level.

We shall now conclude with two or three specimens of the versification; the last being recommended by its nominal catalogue of our friends the publishers.

“The Fortunate One.”

Nobility is in his brow,
His gentle smile return provokes;

But, ah! the truth to tell it how—

We part to meet no more—he smokes.

Yes, the dark fact is all too true—

My heart from what it beats for shrinks,

To what it thirsts for bids adieu;

For, oh, the handsome sot! he drinks.

Ye virgins soft, who think me hard,

Hear farther what my union stays,

And say if you'd not too disown

The darling gambler—yes, he plays.

Ah, weep, the truth I've yet to sing,

He smokes—that I no portion own;

He drinks—of the Pierian spring;

He plays—but on the flute alone.

To such a man could I but be

A ready prize?—but mark what said he:

“Lady, alas! a prize to me

Is not who is, but *has* the ready!”

“What's in a name?”

Long hail to Longman and his longer Co.,

Pride of our city's Paternoster Row!

Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,

And treat the world to something more gigantic.

Let Underwood all essays sell on trees,

On shrubs, or growth of brushwood, if he please;

All works on brewing leave to Mr. Porter;

To Boosey, temperance for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend Bull all works on horned cattle,

While Reid will teach the youthful mind to prattle;

Give Bohn anatomy; give Mason sculpture;

Gardner's is engraving upon horticulture.

For valuation tables on the price of land,

Why should we seek? since Byfield is at hand;

For works on draining either bog or fen,

In Marsh and Moore we have a choice of men.

Give Sherwood tales of merry men, who stood,

Firm to their robbing, around Robin Hood.

Ogle takes optics—Miller, works on grain—

Ridgway, on rail-roads—surgery with Payne.

Hail, Pic-a-dilly Hatchard, thy vocation

Should be prolific, for 'tis incubation;

Thy rious care brought Egley into note,

And still on Goshing some folk say you dote.

But to my plan. To make the dull ones plod well,

Books for the use of schools give Mr. Rodwell;

And works on painting should you ever lack,

You need but brush to either Grey or Black.

From Cowie works on vaccination fetch—

Pedestrian tours from Walker or from Stretch;

And if in search of wonders you do range,

Where can you seek them better than from Strange?

The suffering climbing-Suits our pity claim—

To aid their interests, Suttaby I'd name;

And as they're off of churchyard terrors slaves,

Print works to cure them, O, Moon, Boys, and Graves!

For plans of bridges, Arch would be the best;

For stairs and steps on Banister I'd rest;

All that relates to church or chapel holy,

I vote that such be Elder's business solely.

Sustenance on diet surely ought to treat;

Joy gives us human happiness complete;

Till will all works on amusement enhance;

The law—Oh! that of course I leave to Chance.

Priestley and Chappell may divide theology,

Hookham and Roach the angling and ichthyology;

And for phenology, what need of rumpus,

One for his snob will do—so take it, Bumpus!”



A Fiddle "D.D."



The Belle's Letter.



A Granny-dear!

In selecting the cuts we have rather been led by convenience than merit. The descent of the Flybkins in their escape is a laughable group, John Knox (a footman rapping) a characteristic pun, and the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties (sweeps on chimney-pots, &c.), very cleverly conceived.

Country Houses. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Saunders and Otley.

A COLLECTION of light and lively tales, containing the many modes of matrimony which form the staple of a novel of modern life. Christmas is thus described by the hero:—"I wonder what people can mean by wishing one a merry Christmas," said Mr. Vernon, as he walked from the drawing-room window, where he had been watching the flakes of snow as they fell; "I know nothing that Christmas brings but frost and snow, that puts an end to hunting; and long bills, one has no money to pay. For my part, I make it a rule never to open a letter from Christmas till February, that I may not encounter a tender epistle from my tailor or boot-maker, with 'hard times,' 'a large family,' 'heavy payment to make next week,' when one has not a shilling in one's banker's hands; and the rascals are only making up a purse for Brighton, instead of coats or boots for their customers; and of all this misery, stupid souls wish you joy! Is it not so, ma'am?" addressing his mother, Lady Vernon, who was deeply engaged writing tickets for clothing for the poor."

The Easter Holidays get up private theatricals, with a little touch of sentiment; and the rest of the stories pursue "the changes of the rolling year." The following sketch of Mr. Fitzgibbon is a fair specimen of the author's style.

"Mr. Fitzgibbon's praise of Emma's performance was mixed, but very gently mixed, with criticism; but so judicious, and so very well seasoned with encouragement, she could not help feeling grateful for the approbation, and anxious to be more deserving of it. He seemed so like a friend—and he was not a young man. She was too inexperienced to know that a man of the world never considers himself old, or too old to be a lover—he knows how to make himself up: he may be called 'an old donkey' by the boys in the guards—but he has his experience, and his knowledge of the world; and as 'each thinks his little set, mankind,' this gives him great advantages. He had, though, no intention of becoming a lover of Emma's—indeed, he could afford to love nothing but a large fortune; and such an one had not come entirely within his reach: perhaps he did not wish to sit down a Benedict, even with a place, a park, and a wife. He had a moderate independent fortune, enough for a good lodging in town—a couple of hacks for riding, a carriage, or a cabriolet, as might be the reigning fashion—he belonged to the best clubs; and for the rest, he 'lived about'—was asked to shooting-parties—ran down to Newmarket when any particular match was to be won—he had long given up Melton; 'he was,' he said, with a shrug, 'too poor,' and those to whom he said it were wont to add, 'and too old also;' but he was always acceptable in a country house, either with or without a large party—he was full of anecdote, trifling or literary; played a little on the violin—was some judge of pictures, and a good one of prints. He well knew how to make the most of himself, and increase the favour of his visit wherever he chose to bestow it, by always having various engagements to choose out of—besides being a good shot, he played

well at billiards, chess, and whist, and was, in summer, a most determined and scientific fisherman—and adding to all these conventional qualifications, had popular and agreeable manners, and he every where made himself welcome—he also possessed a good dash of a sort of sarcastic wit, which made him a little feared, sufficiently so not to be considered always a convenient person, that might be treated *haut en bas*. It was that species which a century ago carried a man into the first society, but wit has died with the Horace Walpole race: perhaps his might, as it was employed, be better termed a taste for the ridiculous, and an aptitude to turn what he did not like into the laughable; it was very useful to him in keeping people a little in awe of him, and it also gave him the privilege of saying rather bitter, and sometimes rather impertinent, things with impunity; nobody minded him, because nobody liked to provoke his resentment by 'taking up his sallies.' There was a suspicion entertained that he could caricature with his pencil as well as with his pen; but, if it was so, he had the good sense and tact to keep the talent either so concealed, or so controlled, he never gave offence by its exercise. He talked much of this lord or that distinguished character as his particular friend. It may be questioned if there was one amongst the catalogue that really deserved that name. Society, especially the higher grades of it, is maintained by the compact of mutual convenience, its *liaisons* are slender, brittle links, but they serve their purpose—mutual convenience and amusement; and even when the latter ceases to be afforded, the link may still continue, sometimes from habit, sometimes from fear; those who live much together in artificial life, however well the mask they wear may fit, it has often some crevice which betrays the real countenance; and those who live in the same set must of necessity be linked together by a little free-masonry."

November's dull month being coming, these volumes may pass a pleasant hour in an empty country house; though the last two tales are perplexed, and far inferior to the earlier portions of the work.

Taylor's Records of his Life.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

IN our last No. we entered so sufficiently into the character and contents of this publication, that we have no occasion to go farther into remark, previous to making the few additional extracts with which we mean to conclude our notice; especially as the second volume, though full of biographical traits of persons well known to the last half century, is not so entertaining as the first, but seems to have been put together when years had stolen a deeper march upon the faculties of the writer. The consequences are, more of garrulosity and repetition, and less of anecdote and interest; but again we have to say that, with all defects, there is altogether much both of amusement and curious gossiping information in this posthumous work.

We commence with a bit of Macklin.

"He told me (says the writer) that his first performance of Shylock was in Lord Lansdown's alteration of Shakspeare's play, which was brought forward under the title of 'The Jew of Venice;' and that it was for his performance in this play that the following well-known couplet was written upon him:

'This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew.'

He said the pit was at that period generally attended by a more select audience than were

to be seen there at the present time. As far as I can recollect, the following were his words:—"Sir, you then saw no red cloaks, and heard no patters in the pit; but you saw merchants from the city with big wigs, lawyers from the Temple with big wigs, and physicians from the coffee-houses with big wigs; and the whole exhibited such a formidable grizzle, as might well shake the nerves of actors and authors." * * * The last time I ever saw Macklin was in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, during a very severe frost, when the snow had hardened on the ground. He was well muffled up in a great-coat, and walked to and fro with great vigour. I addressed him, and said, 'Well, Mr. Macklin, I suppose you are comparing the merits of former actors with those of the present day.' 'The what of the present day?' said he in a very loud tone; 'the what, sir?' in a louder tone; 'the actors, sir?' He repeated his question with a voice that made the whole street ring. 'Perhaps, sir,' said I, 'you will not allow the present race to be actors.' 'Good morning, sir,' said he, and abruptly parted from me, resuming his walk with extraordinary strength and speed."

Of the late Lord Erskine.

"Here I may relate a circumstance which manifests an extraordinary revolution in the life of a conspicuous character. A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but that 'his poverty and not his will' consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. This necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine."

While speaking of a performer in Garrick's time known by the respectable name of King Gibson, we are told a story of a tipple which would hardly recommend itself as a strong drink even to a weak head.

"The inferior actors at that period were careless and dissipated, and as soon as the business of the night was over, they generally spent the remainder of it at low public-houses, which were much frequented in consequence of their being the resort of the theatrical fraternity. A young man who had recently been engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, had come from some provincial company, and was hardly known to any of the London actors, conducted himself with such modest diffidence, that he attracted the notice of the veteran Gibson, who one day after rehearsal took him aside, and addressed him to the following purpose:—"Young man, I have observed your modest demeanour, and I see with some satisfaction that you are not intimate with the actors; let me advise you, as an old man well acquainted with life, to avoid public-houses. When you

are no longer required at the theatre, go home, study any part that may be assigned to you, take a glass of small beer to refresh yourself before you go to bed, and if it happens to be the king's birth-day, the news of a great victory, or any occasion of national joy has occurred, put a little nutmeg and sugar in it."

Not so the convivial draughts of R. B. Sheridan, of whom we have many stories.

"I remember (says Mr. T.) that speaking of a person who had published a pamphlet against him, he said in the course of the night, 'I suppose that Mr. — thinks I am angry with him; but he is mistaken, for I never harbour resentment. If his punishment depended on me, I would shew him that the dignity of my mind was superior to all vindictive feelings. Far should I be from wishing to inflict a capital punishment upon him, grounded on his attack upon me; but yet on account of his general character and conduct, and a warning to others, I would merely order him to be publicly whipped three times, to be placed in the pillory four times, to be confined in prison seven years, and then, as he would enjoy freedom the more, after so long a confinement, I would have him transported for life.'"

There is also a good deal respecting Dr. Wolcot, the celebrated Peter Pindar, among Mr. Taylor's reminiscences. The account of his consenting to take the pay of government as a public writer, is, we have reason to believe, pretty accurate. It follows:

"Here it may be proper to give some account of what was called Peter's pension, of which no true statement has ever appeared, though many have been published. We were one day dining with a gentleman, intimately connected with a member of the government at that time, and in the course of conversation the doctor expressed himself with so much vehemence against the French revolution, which was raging at that time, and the principles on which it was founded, that I jocularly said to our host, 'The doctor seems to shew symptoms of *brilliantity*.' The gentleman encouraged the joke, and addressing the doctor, 'Come, doctor,' said he, 'with these opinions you can have no objection to support the government — shall I open a negotiation?' The doctor gave a doubtful, but not a discouraging answer, and then the subject dropped; but the next morning the doctor called on the gentleman, and knowing that he was in the confidence of government, asked him if he was serious in what he had said the day before. The gentleman, not being without alarm at the progress of French principles, and their ensnaring nature; aware, too, of the power of ridicule, and how formidable a weapon it was in the hands of the doctor, told him seriously, that if he was really inclined to afford the support of his pen to government, he thought he could procure for him its patronage. The doctor said he had several works in preparation against ministers individually, which he would suppress, if that would do, but was not disposed to be actively employed in favour of government. The gentleman, with some compliment to his satirical talents, told him that he could not negotiate on such terms: for, if he published libels, the law might be put in force against him; remarking at the same time, that by supporting government he would be acting upon his own declared principles, which were so hostile to those by which the French monarchy had been overthrown. After farther discussion, the doctor permitted him to open the negotiation. Though government had not given the least intimation on the subject,

yet when so powerful a pen was offered, it was too well acquainted with the doctor's powers to negative the proposal. At length it was settled that the doctor should have three hundred a-year for active services. Wolcot stickled hard for five hundred a-year, but finding that he could not succeed, he consented to the measure. He, however, wrote nothing but a few epigrams against the Jacobins, which he sent to the editor of the *Sun* newspaper. This, however, not being deemed an adequate service, I frequently advised him to be more active; but a sort of shame hung about him for having engaged in support of a government which he had so often abused, or rather its members, and I never could rouse him into action. I should mention, that a difficulty had arisen as to the medium through which he was to receive the recompence. The gentleman who had opened the negotiation positively declined the office, and, as the doctor was prohibited from going himself to the quarter where it was to be received, matters seemed to be at a stand; however, as I was really an 'alarmist,' to use Sheridan's word, and thought highly of the advantage which might be derived from the doctor's talents, I offered to be the channel of remuneration. Wolcot, though he really did nothing more than what I have above mentioned, was constantly urging me 'to bring the bag,' as he styled it. Reluctant, however, to ask for money which he had done nothing to deserve, I delayed my application so long that he grew impatient, and asked me if he might go himself to the quarter in question. I answered that I thought it was the best way, for I had reason to believe he considered he was really to have five hundred a-year, and that the gentleman who had negotiated the business and myself were to divide the other two. The doctor then angrily applied to the fountain-head, and on inquiring what sum he was to have, was told that it was to be three hundred a-year, and that I had spoken of his talents in the highest terms, and of the advantages which might be expected from them. He then declared that he should decline the business altogether, and returned the ten pounds which he had taken of our host, as he said, to 'bind the bargain.' Disgusted with his suspicion, I reproached him on the occasion, and we separated in anger. As I knew the doctor was too apt to give a favourable colouring to his own cause, and that he had represented the whole transaction as a trap to ensnare him, though the overture had actually come from himself, I addressed a letter to him, and faithfully and fully detailed the whole affair, telling him that I kept a copy of my letter to read wherever I heard that he had misrepresented the matter. Many years of separation passed; but hearing he was blind, infirm, lame, and asthmatic, I resolved one Monday morning to begin the week with an extinction of all enmity between us, and went to his lodgings in Somers' Town on that day. I addressed him in the most friendly tone, but he did not recollect my voice; and when he understood who I was, he appeared delighted, pressed me to have a glass of brandy-and-water, though it was morning, and said that if I would stay, I should have a beef-steak, or any thing else I could desire. In short, we were reconciled in a moment, and I repeated my visits as often as convenient to me, promising that I would positively drink tea with him on every Saturday. I found his faculties as good as ever, and his poetical talents in full vigour."

The death of this satirist is thus described:

"As a proof that he was a kind and consi-

derate master, when one of his servants came to tell me that he had been taken ill, and was delicious when she left him, she wept all the time that she described his situation. I went as soon as I could in the afternoon, and then learned that he had recovered his faculties, but was asleep. I sat by his bedside, expecting he would awake, amusing myself with a volume of his works until ten o'clock. He then awoke, and I told him how long I had been there, observing that it was a dreary way home, and perhaps not quite safe, concluding with saying, 'Is there any thing on earth that I can do for you?' His answer, delivered in a deep and strong tone, was, 'Bring back my youth.' He fell into a sleep again, and I left him. On calling on him the next day, I found he had died, as might be said, in his sleep, and that those words were the last he ever uttered. * * *

"The doctor's love of life was intense. He has often said that he would take a lease of five hundred years from nature. 'What!' said I, 'with all your infirmities?' 'Yes,' said he; 'for while here you are something, but when dead you are nothing'; yet he firmly believed in the existence of a Supreme Being. I remember once mentioning the doctor's love of life to Mr. Sheridan, expressing my surprise. Mr. Sheridan said, that he would not only take a lease for five hundred years, but for ever, provided he was in health, in good circumstances, and with such friends as he then possessed. Yet, if he had taken due care of his health, and prudently managed his fortune, he might still be alive and an ornament to the country."

From a death-scene we make our transit to an anecdote connected with birth — the other great epoch in human nature.

"Dr. Monsey told me that he was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated, that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders. 'Well,' said the farrier, 'your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints.' 'Ah!' rejoined the physician, 'my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry.'"

Of Foote.

"Foote's manner of relating a humorous story, with his powers of mimicry, must doubtless have been very entertaining to those who were not too refined for fun, or too delicate for buffoonery. Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Foote's, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the widow of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at 'I love my love with a letter.' Lady Cheere began, and said, 'I love my love with an N, because he is a Night'; Lady Fielding followed with 'I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis'; and 'I love my love with an F,' said Lady Hill, 'because he is a Fizzishum.' Such was the imputed orthography of these learned ladies."

We have already noticed the imperfections which may be discerned in these Records; and it is but fair towards the memory of their author to quote what he himself says concerning them.

"The present work has been written in a desultory manner, with several intervals, occasioned by illness, which, at one time was so alarming a description that my friend Mr. Cooke, and another eminent surgeon, thought it hardly possible that I should recover. I might easily

have extended it, but was tired of the task, and was urged to conclude it by my friends, who cherished such hopes of its success as I fear will be disappointed. I am now at a very advanced age, and though I have no reason to believe that my mind has decayed as well as my corporeal strength, yet I cannot help agreeing with the opinion of David Hume, who says, 'I consider that a man at sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and if it had been my fate to leave the world at that period of my life, I should not only have escaped infirmities, but disappointments, vexations, and sorrows.' To borrow the words of Dr. Johnson, in the last paper of his admirable Rambler, 'that the same sentiments have not sometimes occurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant.' And, indeed, such must inevitably be the case; for I am not to coin words, and if I am describing tempers, qualities, talents, and persons of a similar nature, I must, of course, make use of similar epithets and forms of expression."

And here we conclude. One of the most curious features in the author's life seems to have been the number of funerals which he attended, and the number of prologues he wrote: what with stories of the parties distinguished by his observance of their obsequies, and of those connected with his theatrical pursuits, his book is full of chit-chat, very pleasant to pass a vacant hour, and as such we again recommend it to the reader.

The Works of Lord Byron. Vol. X. Murray.
[Second notice: conclusion.]

NOT having room for all we wished to say of and extract from this volume in our last notice, we now, *sans phrase*, return to *Lara*. We have always differed from those who considered it a continuation of the *Corsair*. There is nothing in the first poem that can for a moment allow us to suppose that Conrad has a home and station which he need only seek, to be, as he has every reason to suppose, in a state of honour and security. The lines which run thus—

"Doomed by his very virtues for a duke,
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy and means to give again!"—

imply wasted patrimony, which could not be the case with the "long self-exiled chieftain." Again, the character of *Lara* is drawn in much darker shades than that of Conrad. Conrad, "Feared, shunned, belied, ere youth had lost her force." His faults are the result of thoughtlessness—then of circumstance; but in *Lara* they appear to have arisen from experiment, and the desire of excitement—

"Woman, the field, the ocean, all that gave
Promise of gladness—peril of a grave,
In turn he tried."

There is a selfishness about the last that did not belong to the first. Between *Gulnare* and *Kaled* there is more resemblance: both are passionate, devoted, and eastern; but certainly the most careful reader would fail to find in the one poem a single line that connects it with the other. We proceed with our extracts.

"Hebrew Melodies.—Lord Byron never alludes to his share in these Melodies with complacency. Mr. Moore having, on one occasion, rallied him a little on the manner in which some of them had been set to music,—'Sunburn Nathan!' he exclaims, 'why do you always twit me with his Hebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?'"

"She walks in beauty."—These stanzas were written by Lord Byron on returning from a ball-room, where he had seen Mrs. (now Lady) Wilmot Horton, the wife of his relation, the present governor of Ceylon. On this occasion, Mrs. W. H. had appeared in mourning, with numerous spangles on her dress."

Byron's own remarks:

"With regard to the observations on carelessness, &c. wrote Lord Byron to a friend, 'I think, with all humility, that the gentle reader has considered a rather uncommon, and decidedly irregular, versification for haste and negligence. The measure is not that of any of the other poems, which (I believe) were allowed to be tolerably correct, according to Byshe and the fingers—or ears—by which bards write, and readers reckon. Great part of the 'Siege' is in (I think) what the learned call anapests, (though I am not sure, being heinously forgetful of my metres and my Gradus,) and many of the lines intentionally longer or shorter than its rhyming companion; and the rhyme also occurring at greater or less intervals of caprice or convenience. I mean not to say that this is right or good, but merely that I could have been smoother, had it appeared to me of advantage; and that I was not otherwise without being aware of the deviation, though I now feel sorry for it, as I would undoubtedly rather please than not. My wish has been to try at something different from my former efforts; as I endeavoured to make them differ from each other. The versification of the 'Corsair' is not that of 'Lara,' nor the 'Giaour' that of the 'Bride'; 'Childe Harold' is, again, varied from these; and I strove to vary the last somewhat from all of the others. Excuse all this nonsense and egotism. The fact is, that I am rather trying to think on the subject of this note, than really thinking on it."

"On Christmas-day, 1815, Lord Byron, enclosing this fragment to Mr. Murray, says—'I send some lines, written some time ago, and intended as an opening to the 'Siege of Corinth.' I had forgotten them, and am not sure that they had not better be left out now;—on that, you and your synod can determine.' 'They are written,' says Moore, 'in the loosest form of that rambling style of metre which his admiration of Mr. Coleridge's 'Christabel' led him at this time to adopt.' It will be seen, hereafter, that the poet had never read 'Christabel' at the time when he wrote these lines;—he had, however, the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' With regard to the character of the species of versification at this time so much in favour, it may be observed, that feeble imitations have since then vulgarised it a good deal to the general ear; but that in the hands of Mr. Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron himself, it has often been employed with the most happy effect. Its irregularity, when moulded under the guidance of a delicate taste, is more to the eye than to the ear, and in fact not greater than was admitted in some of the most delicious of the lyrical measures of the ancient Greeks."

"In one of his sea excursions, Lord Byron was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew. 'Fletcher,' he says, 'yelled; the Greeks called on all the saints; the Mussulmans on Alla; while the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck. I did what I could to console Fletcher; but finding him incorrigible, I wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote, and lay down to wait the worst."

This striking instance of the poet's coolness and courage is thus confirmed by Mr. Hobhouse: 'Finding that, from his lameness, he was unable to be of any service in the exertions which our very serious danger called for, after a laugh or two at the panic of his valet, he not only wrapped himself up and lay down, in the manner he has described, but when our difficulties were terminated was found fast asleep."

Gifford was allowed great license in correcting the 'Siege of Corinth'; and, as usual in such cases, his alterations did not coincide with the spirit of the poet. It is curious to observe how different the public feeling, and how often it would refuse to confirm the critical opinion.

"The 'Siege of Corinth,' which appears, by the original MS. to have been begun in July 1815, made its appearance in January 1816. Mr. Murray having enclosed Lord Byron a thousand guineas for the copyright of this poem and of 'Parisina,' he replied,—'Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them as additions to the collected volumes; but I cannot consent to their separate publication. I do not like to risk any fame (whether merited or not) which I have been favoured with upon compositions which I do not feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they should be; though they may do very well as things without pretension, to add to the publication with the lighter pieces. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accident by the way—I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances. I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the morale of the piece; but you must not trust to that; for my copyist would write out any thing I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence—I hope, however, in this instance, with no great peril to either.' The copyist was Lady Byron. Lord Byron gave Mr. Gifford *carte-blanche* to strike out or alter any thing at his pleasure in this poem, as it was passing through the press; and the reader will be amused with the *varia lectiones* which had their origin in this extraordinary confidence. Mr. Gifford drew his pen, it will be seen, through at least one of the most admired passages."

We subjoin a few of the intended alterations:—

"But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown:
Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must be:

What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

* O'er the weltering limbs of the tombless dead.—

Gifford. "All that liveth on man will prey,

† MS.—"All rejoice in his decay,

All that can kindle dismay and disgust
Follow his frame from the bier to the dust."

‡ Omit this couplet.—Gifford.

§ After this follows in MS.—

We like much the note from Coleridge speaking of the description of Parisina:

"A sagacious writer gravely charges Lord Byron with paraphrasing, in this passage, without acknowledgment, Mr. Burke's well-known description of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. 'Verily,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'there be amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank.'"

It were injustice to omit the noble passage of Lockhart's relative to the publication of those pieces which directly allude to Byron's private feelings.

"Lord Byron had at least this much to say for his self, that he was not the first to make his domestic differences a topic of public discussion. On the contrary, he saw himself ere any fact but the one undisguised and tangible one was, or could be known, held up every where, and by every art of malice, as the most infamous of men,—because he had parted from his wife. He was exquisitely sensitive: he was wounded at once by a thousand arrows; and all this with the most perfect and indignant knowledge, that of all who were assailing him, not one knew any thing of the real merits of the case. Did he right, then, in publishing those squibs and tirades? No, certainly: it would have been nobler, better, wiser far, to have utterly scorned the assaults of such enemies, and taken no notice, of any kind, of them. But, because this young, hot-blooded, proud, patrician poet did not, amidst the exacerbation of feelings which he could not control, act in precisely the most dignified and wisest of all possible manners of action,—are we entitled, is the world at large entitled, to issue a broad sentence of vituperative condemnation? Do we know all that he had suffered?—have we imagination enough to comprehend what he suffered, under circumstances such as these?—have we been tried in similar circumstances, whether we could feel the wound unflinchingly, and keep the weapon quiescent, in the hand that trembled with all the excitements of insulted privacy, honour, and faith? Let people consider for a moment what it is that they demand when they insist upon a poet of Byron's class abstaining altogether from expressing in his works any thing of his own feelings in regard to any thing that immediately concerns his own history. We tell him in every possible form and shape, that the great and distinguishing merit of his poetry is the intense truth with which that poetry expresses his own personal feelings. We encourage him in every possible way to dissect his own heart for our entertainment—we tempt him by every bribe most likely to act powerfully on a young and imaginative man, to plunge into the darkest depths of self-knowledge; to madden his brain with eternal self-scrutinies, to find his pride and his pleasure in what others shrink from as torture—we tempt him to indulge in these dangerous exercises, until they obviously acquire the power of leading him to the very brink of frenzy—we tempt him to find, and to see in this perilous vocation, the staple of his existence, the food of his ambition,

the very essence of his glory,—and the moment that, by habits of our own creating, at least of our own encouraging and confirming, he is carried one single step beyond what we happen to approve of, we turn round with all the bitterness of spleen, and reproach him with the unmanliness of entertaining the public with his feelings in regard to his separation from his wife. This was truly the conduct of a fair and liberal public! To our view of the matter, Lord Byron, treated as he had been, tempted as he had been, and tortured and insulted as he was at the moment, did no more forfeit his character by writing what he did write upon that unhappy occasion, than another man, under circumstances of the same nature, would have done, by telling something of his mind about it to an intimate friend across the fire. The public had forced him into the habits of familiarity, and they received his confidence with nothing but anger and scorn."

"On the sheet containing the original draught of these lines ('Churchill's grave'), Lord Byron has written: 'The following poem (as most that I have endeavoured to write) is founded on a fact; and this detail is an attempt at a serious imitation of the style of a great poet, its beauties and its defects: I say the style, for the thoughts I claim as my own. In this, if there be any thing ridiculous, let it be attributed to me, at least as much as to Mr. Wordsworth; of whom there can exist few greater admirers than myself. I have blended what I would deem to be the beauties as well as defects of his style; and it ought to be remembered, that in such things, whether there be praise or dispraise, there is always what is called a compliment, however unintentional.'"

It is a common-place canon, that Lord Byron's whole inspiration was personal: this is true generally; but there are some splendid exceptions. Witness, in this very volume, the touching pathos of the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' and the magnificent Martin-like picture of 'Darkness'; neither of which had the least reference to his own feelings.

Standard Novels. Nos. XIX. and XX. The Pastor's Fireside. "By Jane Porter. Lionel Lincoln. By the Author of the "Spy." London, 1832. Bentley.

THESE last volumes of this singularly neat and cheap edition are embellished by Pickering, and a vignette by Adams,—the last very spirited. *Lionel Lincoln* has a preface, by Cooper, in which he mentions a curious fact, that the frequent introduction of the moon in his story had met with critical objection; it was, nevertheless, founded on fact, as he had obtained a diary of the weather at that actual period, to which he rigidly adhered. He also goes into some particulars relative to the characters; and we find the following judicious remarks on America as a field of literature, and also an interesting reference to the author's account of Bunker's Hill.

"Perhaps there is no other country whose history is so little adapted to poetical illustration as that of the United States of America. The art of printing has been in general use since the earliest settlement, and the policy of both the provinces and the States has been to encourage the dissemination of accurate knowledge. There is consequently neither a dark, nor even an obscure, period in the American annals; all is not only known, but so well and generally known, that nothing is left for the imagination to embellish. It is true that the world has fallen into its usual errors on the subject of individual character; taking those

parts which are the most conspicuous and the best understood, as guides in establishing a harmony that it almost always insists on; while he who thoroughly understands human nature is not to learn that the most opposite qualities are frequently the inhabitants of the same breast. But it is the part of the poet to humour these mistakes; for there is no blunder more sure to be visited by punishment than that which tempts a writer to instruct his readers when they wish only to be amused. The author has had these truths forced upon him by experience, and in no instance more obviously than in the difficulties he encountered in writing this his only historical tale, and in its reception by the world. That he has not disregarded the opinion of the latter, is proved by his having discontinued attempts of whose uselessness he has been so clearly, though so delicately admonished. Notwithstanding the unequivocal admission, that *Lionel Lincoln* is not what its author hoped it would have been, when he commenced his task, he still thinks it is not without some claim to the reader's attention. The battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, and the movement on Prospect Hill, are believed to be as faithfully described as is possible to have been done by one who was not an eye-witness of those important events. No pains were spared in examining all the documents, both English and American; and many private authorities were consulted, with a strong desire to ascertain the truth. The ground was visited and examined, and the differing testimony was subjected to a close comparison between the statements and the probability. Even a journal of the state of the weather was procured, and its entries were rigidly respected; so that he who feels sufficient interest in these details may rest assured that he will obtain facts on all these particulars by reading this book. A liberal, and certainly a favourable, criticism of this book, considering its demerits, contained a remark, that the conception and delineation of the characters of the idiot and the madman must have given great trouble to its author. It may be well, therefore, to add, that both Job Pray and Ralph were drawn from life, and with as rigid an adherence even to language as the course of the narrative would allow."

Vortigern; an Historical Play. With an Original Preface. By W. H. Ireland. London, 1832. Thomas.

WE hardly think it possible to revive the interest once excited by this spurious play, and, in our opinion, unimposing forgery; though, like most bold impositions, it found advocates and defenders in its day, even such as Parr, Warton, Chalmers, and other eminent persons. Now it must strike every sensible reader as a poor imitation of parts of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Richard III.,—neither skilfully put together nor adequately disguised. As a literary curiosity, and a youthful trick, perhaps too severely punished by the future misfortunes of the author, it, however, claims a place on the book-shelf.

The Refugees in America. By Frances Trollope. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Whitaker and Co.

As a whole, these volumes, which we have now seen complete, do not sustain the liveliness of parts. Many of the sketches of American manners are repetitions of Mrs. Trollope's former work; the story is wire-drawn, and at last improbable; and the horror of Lord Darcy's situation when in Dally's hands, is very gra-

"Monuments that the coming age
Leaves to the spoil of the seasons' rage—
Till ruin makes the relics scarce,
Then learning acts her solemn farce,
And, roaming through the marble waste,
Praises of beauty, art, and taste."

titious. We have before expressed our apprehension of the tone of exaggeration and ill nature taken by the writer on all Transatlantic subjects; and there is nothing in this work to call for further remark.

The Family Library, No. XXXV.: Peter the Great. London, 1832. Murray.

AN extremely well compiled life of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived; drawn from the best authorities, and affording an interesting picture of his extraordinary career.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. Ruppell.—A letter from M. Durheim to the French Academy (read at the sitting of the 8th October) gave some account of M. Ruppell, who, in 1830, set out on the second tour in Africa, which he is now performing. He first travelled through the whole of Arabia, wishing to determine the positions of the principal places. He crossed the Red Sea at Mocha, intending to pass through the south part of Abyssinia, and thence to cross the Mountains of the Moon, into the centre of the African continent; but revolution having broken out in Arabia, Abyssinia, and the country of the Gallas, who inhabit the plains near the Mountains of the Moon, M. Ruppell was obliged to stop on the isle of Massuah, where he waited for the end of the civil war. Meantime he explored the parts of Abyssinia nearest to the coast, and sent the descriptions of several animals but little known. Among them is that of a large species of antelope, as tall as a stag, which he takes to be the true *oryx* of the ancients, and which is called in Abyssinia *beisa*. He has also discovered a new species of *dugos*, which inhabits the Red Sea, and differs much from the only known species which is found in the Indian Sea. It was with the skin of this species of the Red Sea that the ancient Israelites were obliged, by the law of Moses, to cover the tabernacle; and M. Ruppell has given it the name of *halicore tabernaculi*. The traveller has also discovered the ruins of the ancient Adulis, the geographical position of which town was not previously known.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Anatomical Demonstrations, or Colossal Illustrations of Human Anatomy. By Professor Seerig. Part II. London, 1832. Schloss.

THIS fasciculus contains five plates of the brain, several times larger than in the living subject, with an accompanying letter-press reference to the various parts. It is an admirable aid to the anatomical student, though there is some difficulty in consequence of several of the nerves not following the classification adopted in the English school. Nothing, however, can exceed the fidelity with which the various parts are represented (with, perhaps, the exception of No. VI., the base of the cranium and egress of the cerebral nerves, which seems to us to be a little artificial); and either in conjunction with actual dissection, or as a remembrancer afterwards, we can conceive nothing more eligible for the young surgeon than these plates.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Landscape Annual for 1833. Jennings and Chaplin.

WE have now before us the large paper copy of this work, and can only reiterate our praise of its beauty, as witnessed on this magnified scale. It is indeed a superb performance, and

highly honourable to our fine arts, whether we consider Mr. Harding, the draughtsman, or his engravers.

Roses, &c. By L. Stoll. London, A. Schloss. A LITHOGRAPHIC group of flowers, coloured after nature by an Austrian artist, whose talents in the representation of botanical subjects appear to be of a high order. This is sweetly executed, and fit as the rich productions of Flora herself for "my lady's chamber."

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir. 1833. Text charming embellishments; and not only charming in themselves, but well selected with reference to variety and contrast. Our favourites are:

The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina. Engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by G. S. Newton, R.A. Richly composed, and full of expression.—*Children in prayer.* Engraved by S. Sangster from a painting by T. Uwins. We have seldom seen youthful piety more sweetly depicted.—*The Chevalier Bayard conferring Knighthood on Francis I.* Engraved by W. Greatbach, from a painting by Fragonard. A gorgeous assemblage of objects; the effect a little theatrical, but perhaps that is inseparable from the subject.—*Fairies dancing on the Sea-shore.* Engraved by W. Millar, from a design by W. Danby, R.A. Exquisite: the eye is absolutely dazzled in gazing upon it.—*A Campoise Girl.* Engraved by C. Fox, from a painting by G. S. Newton, R.A. Mr. Fox has evidently been emulous of Mr. Doo's engraving of Newton's "Dutch Girl;" and if his finely executed plate had been of the same size, it would have been a worthy companion of that admirable production.—*Heidelberg Castle.* Engraved by J. Willmore, from a design by D. Roberts. This magnificent and venerable structure makes a great figure among the new Annuals. Mr. Roberts's representation of it is fully equal to that of any of its contemporaries.

Illustrations of the New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir. 1833.

IF the sole embellishment of the New Year's Gift were "The Invalid Mother," engraved by P. Lightfoot, from a picture by A. Scheffer, so beautiful and affecting a composition would render it a valuable present to the young and feeling. But it boasts (besides a lively title-page) of seven other pleasing and clever plates; viz. "Sisters," engraved by S. Sangster from a picture by A. Johannot; the "Mother of Procula," engraved by W. Greatbach from a picture by A. Colin; the "Little Mendicant," engraved by W. Greatbach, from a picture by R. Westall, R.A.; "French Village School," engraved by W. Greatbach, from a picture by Decamps; the "Introduction of Raphael to the Duchess of Urbino," engraved by J. Outrim, from a picture by Eugene Deveria; the "Notice," engraved by T. S. Engleheart, from a picture by Sasoferrata; and the "Kitten's Mishap," engraved by W. Greatbach, from a picture by H. Howard, R.A.

POETRY.

WE intend, this week, deviating from our general rule, and giving these columns to a few of the Annuals reviewed last week.

FROM THE KEEPSAKE.

To the Rhine. By Lord Mahon.
When last I saw thy gushing flood
Roll on its course in conscious pride,
My friend—the first and dearest—stood
In health and gladness by my side.

Who then that watched his soul-lit eye,
His buoyant step, his joyous tone,
Would dream that death's mortality
Already marked him for her own?

Close to thy verdant side we sat,
Where Eglisau in beauty shines,
Upon a grassy mound like that
Which now his mouldering frame enshrines!
We spoke of love, and flowers, and spring,
And hopes to brighten future years,
Nor thought a few short months would bring
Him to the tomb and me to tears.

I see unchanged thy cliffs, thy bowers,
Those clustering vines, that white-walled town,
And, high above, those feudal towers
In ruined majesty look down;
I see thy waters foam and flow,
And feel my youthful hopes must prove
Fast fleeting, like the floods below,
Worn like the battlements above.

Dear river, I have loved thee well,
But now as o'er thy banks I bend,
Thy eddying waters seem to tell
The death-dirge of my earliest friend;
To me no more thy sound shall be
A sound of joy, thou lovely Rhine!
But in my darkening memory
My L.—v.—n's name shall blend with thine!

It is Madame de Staël who observes that the words "no more" are the most touching in our language, while the charm of their melancholy music is quite indefinable.

No more. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.
No more—oh, it must be no more!
That precious dreaming o'er that precious love!
Must, then, that mighty happiness be o'er,
And must my heart be like a wounded dove?
No more—oh, it must be no more!
Ne'er shall I know its kindling might again,
That heart-burst of young passion in its power;
But faintly droop as flowers beneath the rain,
And die in dreams of that last meeting-hour!
No more—oh, it must be no more!
And spring is here bewilderingly bright;
A laughing world of sunshine and of rose
Gleets every where the heart, and thought, and sight;
But all in vain—they bring me no repose.
No more—oh, it must be no more!

Oh, the unburied dreams that haunt my mind,
Spring, with thy scent-charged flowers do thou enchain!
Nor let me mourn heart-wasted, unrequited,
What mourning never can bring back again.
No more—oh, it must be no more!
But perished now for evermore and past
That costly consciousness of answered love,
Let my heart tremble into rest at last,
And wear the chains it unsuspecting wore.
No more—oh, it must be no more!

FROM THE FORGET ME NOT.

The Goodwives of Weinsberg. By Mary Howitt.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?

As brave a town as any;

It must have cradled good and wise,

Both wives and maidens many.

Should I e'er wooing have to do,

I' faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The Emperor Comd, on a time,

In wrath the town was battering,

And near it lay his warriors prime,

And sturdy horsemen clattering!

And, with fierce firing, rode and ran

All round about it horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,

Though every thing it wanted,

So did he swear in vengeful mood

No mercy should be granted;

And thus his heralds spake—"This know,

I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in the town was heard this threat,

It caused a great dejection,

And every neighbour neighbour met

With mournful interjection:

Though bread was very dear in price,

Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah wo for me, most wretched man!

Great wo the siege has won us!"

They cried, and every priest began

"The Lord have mercy on us!"

"Oh, wo, wo, wo!" on all sides clanged;

"We feel e'en now as good as hanged!"

When in despair wise men will sit,

In spite of council-masters.

How oft has saved them woman's wit

From manifold disasters!

Since woman's wit, as all men know,

Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man

But yesterday united,

And she a wise scheme hit upon,

Which the whole town delighted,

And made them all so full of glee,

They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,
Of wives a deputation
Went out to the besiegers' camp,
Praying for capitulation:
So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed!
And for these terms their prayer was made:

"That all the wives might be allowed
Their jewels forth to carry;
What else remained the warriors proud
Might rive, and hang, and harry."
To this the emperor swore consent,
And back the deputation went.

Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,
What happened? Give good hearing!
The nearest gate was opened wide,
And out each wife came, bearing—
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,
Her worthy husband in a sack!
Then many a courtier, in great wrath,
The goodwives would have routed;
But Conrad spake: "My kingly faith
May not be false or doubted!
Ha! bravo!" cried he, as they came;
'Think you our wives would do the same?'

Then gave he pardon and a feast,
Those gentle ones to pleasure;
And music all their joy increased,
And dancing without measure;
As did the mayores waltzing twirl,
So did the besom-binding girl.
Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,
As brave a town as any,
And cradled has it good and wise
Both wives and maidens many:
If wooing e'er I have to do,
'Faith! one of Weinsberg will I woo!

FROM THE FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

The Miniature. By R. F. Williams.

Time hurries on,
Like the fleet courier in his arrowy flight;
Thus have the swift and joyful moments gone
In rapturous delight;

While I have cast
O'er my full heart a dream of bygone hours—
Visions of bliss that fling around the past
Their sunshine and their flowers.

Yes! once again
From those dear lips old memory bear to me
Words whose sweet music falls like summer-rain,
All joyously and free.

Winds waft around
Sighs softly murmured—whispers faint and low;
While the fresh air is rich with every sound
That loving voices know.

Still are my eyes
Full of the scenes where thou wert fond and kind;
The fields, the flowers, the streams, the very skies
Are pictured on my mind,

Making still mine
Smiles rich in gladness as an autumn sky,
Thoughts breathing wisdom full of truths divine,
And meanings pure and high;

Bliss born of youth,
Shedding a beauty on life's golden years,
Stirring its hidden springs of love and truth,
With feelings nursed in tears;

Joys that impart
Deep in the mind a knowledge fair and good,
Gladdening the breast, and feeding the young heart
With wild, delicious food;

Giving the breath
Language too kind for thoughts of worldly strife,
Filled with an influence as strong as death,
And deep as human life.

How sweetly blest
Musing I sit, entranced in visions rare,
While on my brain undying memories rest,
And leave a gladness there!

Thus as I gaze,
Fancy keeps weaving shadows fresh and bright;
Thus, too, the blissful dreams of other days
Come crowding on my sight.

What fairy spell,
Borne on the breath of the soft atmosphere,
Hither has brought me all I love so well,
And all I hold so dear?

Charm is there none
Save what is sealed within the enamoured breast;
Memory awakens all the past has done,
And Love performs the rest.

He 'tis who flings
O'er our dull lives such deep and priceless worth;
He 'tis who holds beneath his radiant wings
Our Eden upon earth.

Brightest of themes!
Mine is the joyousness your spells impart—
Mine are your blissful thoughts and witching dreams—
The world within the heart!

We must also take this opportunity of men-

tioning "the Veiled Lady of Ajmere," a beautiful eastern story by Mr. Fraser.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE DRAMA.

Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee, &c. &c.

As our analysis of this evidence, if we may judge from the use made of it by our contemporaries, previous to any copies of it having got abroad, seems to have excited considerable public interest, we are more confirmed in our original purpose of going through the minutes, and enabling Monsieur Public to employ what are called his tongues (each speaking a different language) upon this as upon every other subject.

In our first paper we quoted Mr. Colman's opinions about angels and the naming of their names irreverently (as he held) upon the stage, in applying them to women; but we are glad to see that during his (the examiner's) absence at Boulogne, Mr. Collier, who transacted his business, and did his duties for him, entertained opposite notions on the angelic controversy. *Es. gr.* a question or two put to him.

"In the exercise of your duty as examiner of plays, suppose the word 'angel' was applied to a woman on the stage, should you erase it or not? Certainly not, speaking for myself, if it were not applied profanely: if a man in love were to call his mistress 'my angel,' I should think it no profanation; I should think it an ordinary expression of speech. — 'Gracious heaven!' for instance? I should not object to that. I should object to the unnecessary introduction of the name of the Creator on any occasion; but at the same time I should take this distinction, that expressions of this kind are to be allowed in tragedy, which is a serious representation, which in a comedy are not to be allowed. — For instance, we see in *Lear* the old king — 'I will curse a curse even on his child. In a comedy any thing of the kind would be very revolting. The situation should not occur, but if it could it would be offensive, inasmuch as it would not be at all consistent with the rest of the performance.'

In our opinion Mr. Collier cuts quite close enough; but it is the invariable consequence, when a fuss is made about the merest trifle, by becoming a theme of discussion it becomes a thing of importance, and even strong minds are betrayed into the folly of being grave in discussing it. But Mr. Collier's testimony is full of good sense on all points: *starring*, for instance:

"With respect to the star system that has been adopted by the two great theatres, do you not think that it has been exceedingly hostile to dramatic literature, especially to any new plays? Certainly, inasmuch as it induces authors to write plays for particular actors, instead of composing them for a whole company capable of representing them; inasmuch, too, as it induces managers of theatres to neglect all the inferior parts of plays, and to rely entirely on one performer: when I call them inferior parts of plays, I call them so in reference to the hero and principal characters, not that they do not require considerable talents to act them properly."

With regard to this gentleman's opinion, that the multiplying of theatres would increase vice and crime, because, as he observes, the environs of theatres are always notorious for a profusion of both — we do not know that we can go all the length with him. If vice breeds vice, and

crime begets crime, it is obvious that wherever they have a speculative mart and field they will be encouraged by the opportunity and contagion; but beyond this, and this is little, the opprobrium is not justly incurred. Theatres, like all other public occasions, congregate into an observable mass the profligate characters of the day; but it does not (beyond our foregoing exception) create them. The following are Mr. Collier's answers, &c. on this point:

"As you say a greater degree of immorality always exists in the neighbourhood of theatres, would it not be increased by an increased number of theatres? I think perhaps it might in the immediate neighbourhoods, but they would be smaller, and more divided; the theatres would not be so large, and the persons attracted there would not be so numerous. — Then the immorality depends on the area of the theatre? I think it will depend on the number of persons the theatre contains. If it contain 1000 persons, there will not be so large a bad neighbourhood round it as if it contains 4000 persons. — Is there any thing of that nature perceptible round the two large houses? I think it exists in a degree, and it is a very ancient complaint against theatres, that they collect a bad neighbourhood round them. — You think that the character of the neighbourhood of those two theatres is to be attributed to its vicinity to the theatres? In a considerable degree. I am of opinion, that the number of houses of ill-fame in the neighbourhood is much owing to the number of women of the town who frequent the theatres. — Have you no means of judging whether the houses of ill-fame in the neighbourhood of the two great theatres bear a proportion to the number round the small theatres? I have no sufficient means of judging; but my opinion is that it is in proportion. I beg to state again, that I consider it in proportion to the size of the theatres; and that the quantity of immorality in the neighbourhood will depend on the attraction of the theatre. If a theatre is well attended, there will be a number of persons in it disposed to frequent houses of ill-fame."

And this bears us out in our position. The theatres collect the vicious together, but it is not the theatres which make them vicious; and they would equally exist over the area of the metropolis were there no theatres at all.

Mr. Davidge in his evidence plainly says that he acts as he likes, regardless of law or license; that he finds Shakespeare's plays attract as they are performed at the minors (thus contradicting the theories of Mr. Dunn and others), and that therefore he gives them when he thinks fit. He is then asked if he wishes the monopoly to be thrown open; to which he replies (as his interest prompts, like most of the other theatrical witnesses), "Not entirely; I conceive the patent theatres should in some measure be protected, and, in fact, theatres generally. I do not think it should go in that sweeping way which it is imagined is intended. I conceive if plays produced at the patent theatres or minor theatres in London or out of London were the property of those persons producing them for at least twenty-one years, the effect would be entirely answered. I do conceive, after the plays have been performed twenty-one years in the major or minor theatres, if they become public property, the full end would be answered. — Do you wish more theatres to exist than exist at present? I am afraid there already are too many; because on the faith of licenses and on the faith of protections, large property has been risked on the minor theatres as well as the patent theatres: but smaller

theatres are springing up applying for neither protection or license. How far that may be conceived beneficial to the drama, I am not at liberty to give an opinion."

Some more of this individual's testimony throws an amusing light upon the remuneration of authors, and the arts by which theatres sometimes try to attract notoriety.

"How is an author remunerated at your theatre? Much in the same way as at the patent theatres. Authors who have been successful in some instances at the patent theatres, are the authors at the minor theatres. The author of the *Rent-day*, which has been instanced as the most profitable production at Drury Lane, was the author of a number of pieces at the Coburg Theatre.—Do you know what is the general mode of remuneration? Sometimes a stipulated sum of money; at times I have given 50*l.* and at other times 20*l.*—Has an author any rights? Not besides.—That is the case sometimes? Occasionally; at other times the author will receive half-a-guinea or a guinea a night for each night the play is performed.—Is that the whole remuneration; does he retain no right in the play after? Certainly; the entire copyright.—Then he has no right to any subsequent remuneration at the theatre? Not any other remuneration beyond the run of the play, when he has received his stipulated sum.—Abroad their rights extend to a very considerable length of time? I am aware of that; but it is not the case in England.—Has an author a right to any remuneration from country theatres?—No; when once the piece is published, it becomes, according to the present system (out of London, at least), public property. All persons who can get a copy of the piece, play it without advantage to the author or the person who has the copyright.

"*George the Third* was prohibited, was it not? No; I think I played it nine or ten weeks, and the theatre was visited by the different branches of the government, and they could not see any thing obnoxious; but at the next licensing day, the magistrates, who held discretionary power, told me they thought such representations injudicious, if not improper, representing sacred characters and the highest personages in the realm.—You are now representing the old piece *Tom Thumb*? They are not sacred characters.—The king and queen are introduced into that? King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla.—You leave people to apply them as they please? Yes; if we find them a piece, we are not compelled to find them comprehension.—You think there is no danger of the magistrates giving you the same hint at the next licensing day as to *Tom Thumb*?—It is played as it has been played for the last fifty years, without the alteration of a single line.—But the play-bill does not announce it in the usual way? No; I do not defend that play-bill. It was issued during my absence from town at another establishment I have; and I was much annoyed at it on my return, for I conceive managers of theatres have nothing to do with politics or party; they are open to all parties, and they have nothing to do with one party or the other. I must take the onus upon myself, but I do not for a moment defend it.—Does it draw? As much as *Tom Thumb* would generally draw.—Not more? Certainly not.—Why should not you give it as *Tom Thumb*, without issuing that play-bill? I think it was unnecessary, if not injudicious.—Why was it continued? It was stopped on my return to town; it was stopped in the course of a week. In fact, I received a polite

communication from Mr. Roe, the magistrate of Bow Street.—And that play-bill has not been issued since your return? No.—What do you give for the average run of new pieces, melo-drames, and so forth? About 20*l.* I should conceive."

Mr. Serle's evidence goes in favour of throwing open the monopoly, and compensating the patent theatres by means of a lottery. Respecting the causes of the decline of the drama, he says:

"Some of those which have been adduced, I think, may mean something, such as the lateness of the dinner-hours; but I think the great cause of the decline of the drama has been its separation from the literature of the country. It has become a difficult matter in the theatres to hear the language of a play from the size; consequently managers have been obliged to resort to spectacle: the public have left off going to see and to hear, and, consequently, the stage itself has deteriorated in public estimation.—Do you consider that the saloons attached to the theatres have any influence either in promoting the attractions of the theatres, or in decreasing the respectability? I think that they have done a great deal towards destroying that constant attendance upon the theatres of respectable people, which they were in the habit of giving before. I do not know what was the practice in Garrick's time; but I am quite sure that they would never have been attached to the theatres by the actors themselves, who would never have ventured upon such a breach of morality for the purpose of attracting the public.—Whom do you consider that that breach of morality arises from? From those who have a share in the theatres: from those who have rebuilt them.—Did they not exist in the old theatres? They might; but I do not think they are the kind of alliance which the actors themselves would have sought as an attraction."

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday the pageant in commemoration of Sir Walter Scott was produced here, with great *clat*, and has been represented every night since to admiring audiences. The feeling with which it is witnessed must depend very much on the mood of mind of the spectator. The general effect is certainly very impressive. The curtain drawn, and Abbotford, with all the lovely scenery of the Tweed, admirably and feelingly painted by Stanfield, is exhibited to the view. A hatchment indicates the loss which the world has just sustained by the death of the owner of that mansion; which we trust will never be suffered to depart from the race of Scott, but stand, with all its collected contents (so indicative of the character of him who placed them there), an everlasting memorial of his national heart and literary pursuits. The pageant then commences: Cooper, as the Last Minstrel, recites a few appropriate and beautiful lines from the poem of that title; and groups of the principal characters in Waverley, the Fortunes of Nigel, Guy Mannering, the Bride of Lammermoor, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, the Antiquary, the Heart of Mid Lothian, Peveril, the Lady of the Lake, the Legend of Montrose, and Kenilworth, pass in succession over the stage, referring by gesture to striking passages in these works. As almost all the most eminent actors belonging to the theatre appear on this occasion, the sight of them alone is sufficient to attract the country visitors in London, were it only to have a look at Macready, Braham,

Farren, Power, Harley, T. Cooke, Serle, Bedford, Seguin, J. Russell, Templeton, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. C. Jones, and so many other supporters of the living drama. And the pleasure is much enhanced by the younger and fairer portion of the spectacle. Miss Phillips looks Queen Elizabeth to perfection. Mrs. Nesbitt, as Lucy Ashton, is all loveliness and pathos; while her sister, Miss A. Mordaunt, as Amy Robsart, is hardly less to be admired. Miss Ferguson as Isabella Wardour, Miss Cawse as Ellen (Lady of the Lake), Miss Faucit as Jeanie Deans, Miss Kenneth as Fenella, Miss Pearson (and since her marriage Mrs. Humby) as Rebecca, Miss Hyland as Martha Trapbois, Miss Betts as Diana Vernon, Mrs. Brudenell as Madge Wildfire, Miss Somerville as Countess of Derby, Mrs. Hughes as Alice Bridgenorth, &c. are charming in these various parts, in a great degree realising the poet's and the reader's fancies.* Feeling thus, we rather doubt the intrusion of comic incident, as in *Flibbertigibbet* (Weiland), Sir Geoffrey Hudson (Master Marshall), *Dumbiedykes* (Ross) on his obstinate pony, and even *Dalgaty* (Power) on his horse Gustavus. If the imagination is truly touched by the pageant, these, however true, become incongruous through juxtaposition; but, after all, audiences are so mixed and different in tastes, that what may jar on one may be the most entertaining to another. The second and last scene shews us Scott's beloved study, and all the creations of his mind we have mentioned ranged around his bust. The effect is almost overpowering, though a little marred by the flight of an ordinary child-and-spangled-muslin genius who flies up after crowning the bard with laurel in front of a Grecian temple. More solemnity might be given here—and Scott had nothing to do with Greek temples; his name is for ever associated with altogether different objects. Cooper again recites some fine poetry, and Braham sings in his most touching style; the banners are lowered (they should go to the ground) and the curtain falls. The idea is an excellent one, and the representation is honourable to the talent and enterprise of the theatre.

On Wednesday we were again delighted with *Der Freischütz*, and Braham in full voice; Bedford excellent in *Caspar*; J. Russell, a *Kilian* worthy of Harley; Seguin, in song, a capital *Bernhard*; Miss Betts correct and effective in *Linda*; and Miss Cawse a real *Rose*. The music throughout well executed. *Mr. and Mrs. Pringle*, acted as well as a little comedy can be by Farren and Mrs. Glover, aided by Miss Cawse, Mrs. Humby, and the less prominent characters, continues to dismiss the house in good humour to their homes. We regret to see a run made by part of the press against the author of this piece, for taking his groundwork from the French. His effort set forth no pretensions; and the ability with which he has performed his task, ought to recommend him to favour, rather than censure, for doing well what so many of his compeers often do ill, and yet obtain praise from the very same quarters which abuse him. This is not even-handed justice.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Friday, last week, *All's Well that Ends Well* restored the universal favourite R. Jones to the public, after a six years' absence, in the part of *Parolles*. He was received with the

* We ought, however, to except the mal-arrangement of some complexions and sizes—where dark stood for fair, fair for dark, thin for plump, and plump for thin, &c.

gratulations due to one who has so largely contributed to the credit of the drama, and to the stock of amusement which it offers when considered to such talent. The play itself, with musical introductions by Rophino Lacy from Rossini, Paer, Auber, &c. did not seem to make a hit; and has been only once repeated since. Some of the songs, &c. by Wilson, Miss Shirreff, and Miss Inverarity, were extremely pleasing; but the effect of the whole was heavy. We are glad, therefore, to observe that many novelties are announced, especially as it would appear, by a note from our noticing correspondent of the *Unrehearsed Stage Effects*, that the very dresses in *All's Well that Ends Well* are not only inappropriate, but old. He writes us, that "Abbot's dress pertains to the *Romeo and Juliet* collection, Wilson's to that of *Catherine of Cleves*, Mesdames Inverarity and Shirreff wear the same dresses they appeared in in *The Haunted Tower*; and the rest are from *Henry the Eighth*, *Der Frieschüts*, *Cinderella*, &c. Thus, many seasons have contributed to the formation of the 'new' wardrobe; and England, Bohemia, Verona, and Heaven knows what other countries, or in what ages, contribute to render 'correct' the dressing of a play, the scene of which is laid in France."

ADELPHI.

We have said nothing of the Adelphi these two weeks, because it is so popular with its course of old pieces that it has had no occasion to resort to new. Certes, for three hours' amusement, it could hardly invent better; and the theatre fills accordingly. But we do want to see Mrs. Yates again, were it only for a *bonne chance*.

OLYMPIC.

The same round of pieces have gone on as per last, Miss Murray adding to her reputation every succeeding night in *Mary Dobs*, till Thursday, when she appeared in her second character as *Mary* in the *Dumb Belle*. It was marked with great nature and simplicity, and yet not deficient in sprightliness and grace. The applause she elicited ought to have sustained the fair actress; whose trepidation, on the contrary, almost overcame her at last. She should feel greater assurance, for she is already high in public favour.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Drury Lane, October 11.—*Der Frieschüts*. Mr. Bedford, as *Caspar*, having duly explained the vital necessity of firing the sixth bullet, or last but one, levelled his rifle, which, though charged with a magic and unerring ball, made no report save that of the trigger's futility click, and no flash save of the sparks which issued from the pan. As to manifest disappointment would have muddled the plot of the play, by admitting the failure, Mr. Bedford marched off as though all were right, and as though the audience, of course, thought so.

Covent Garden, October 15.—Mr. Butler, as *Hamlet*, enters in the second act reading a volume of *The Keepsake*, with its red watered silk cover, gilt title at the back, plates and all. Every one recognises, and, of course, laughs at it.

VARIETIES.

Whirlwind.—In the end of April an extraordinary whirlwind committed great havoc at Gillipool, in Japore. It appeared like a pillar of smoke, with streaks of fire issuing from it, and accompanied by a rumbling noise. In its

course it tore up trees, dismantled houses, destroyed an Indigo factory, and killed and hurt several of the natives.

Coal Mine.—A very abundant coal mine, it is stated in the *Manchester Guardian*, has been discovered at Pendleton; and what renders this peculiarly interesting to geologists is, that the strata has been found under red sandstone, and at the depth, severally, of 144 and 226 yards from the surface.

Licensing Theatres.—At the Middlesex county sessions on Thursday, applications for licensing twenty-one new theatres were made, and all refused, except one, we believe. Some which had taken a temporary license for themselves were also rejected; and it seems pretty clear that the question, whether we shall have two or three dozen of little theatres acting independently of authority, or whether we shall have the law (conflicting and dubious as it is) enforced, must now be brought to issue.

The Penny Trumpet, another penny paper, has appeared, to be blown weekly by the breath of T. Dibdin. As we hear this class of publication is rapidly sinking, we may congratulate them on the accession of a contemporary who may blow them up.

Anecdote of Sir W. Scott.—Sir Walter Scott, when at Rome for a short time, about two months ago, was in a very weak state of health, where, says a letter from a sculptor there, "I had the honour of being introduced to him by a very particular friend of his. He was very cheerful and agreeable, and, though very much improved in his general health and speech since he left England, it was necessary to pay the greatest attention to understand him. He was always lame, though since his attack he has become much more so, and he now walks with difficulty. Can you believe, that although in Rome near a month, he never once went to the Vatican; he went to Frascoli, a small village about twelve miles from Rome, where Cardinal York passed the latter part of his life, and was very anxious to glean any particulars concerning him. He likewise went to see an old castle of the middle ages at Bracciano, belonging to Tortonia, who, from having purchased the estates, inherits the title of Duke of Braccia, every part of which he examined with the greatest attention."

Fine Arts.—It has been some time in contemplation to open the Suffolk Street Gallery during the winter with an exhibition of the works of dead English artists, contrasting them with the productions of the living school. If paintings of our elder masters could be brought together, the collection would be most interesting; for many of them are hardly known out of private mansions, and are, nevertheless, of great merit.

J. Stephen, Esq.—This gentleman, well known to the literary world, died at Bath on the 10th, aged seventy-four. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Macaulay, and the party with whom they have acted; author of the pamphlet entitled *War in Disguise*; and one of the most indefatigable writers against the slave trade and slavery.

Lectures on the Ear.—On Monday week Mr. Curtis commenced his lectures for the season, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. The lecturer took occasion to remark, that nearly twenty years had elapsed since he delivered his first course on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ear; and he was happy to find that the mode of treatment pursued at the institution, which had relieved above 15,000 patients, had not been successfully employed in this coun-

try, but also in France, Germany, and America; and that much light had been thrown on otorrhoea, and deafness and dumbness—diseases of the most formidable character. Many discoveries had been made by chance, many from observation; and of the latter class was the important one he had now the pleasure of communicating to the profession, viz. that in treating cases of deafness conjoined with amaurosis, or gutta serena, frequently the worst species of blindness, he had, by attending to the local and constitutional treatment, while removing the deafness, frequently succeeded in restoring sight, without the pain and uncertainty of an operation; and from what he had seen during his long and extensive practice in diseases of the ear, he was convinced that remedies of a similar nature were equally efficacious in those of the eye, if had recourse to in the incipient stage. At the conclusion, the lecturer traced the connexion of the nerves of the eye and ear; and remarked on the important function of the ganglionic plexus of nerves, and particularly on the great sympathetic, which by its communications with the principal parts of the body, exercises a leading influence on the organs of hearing and sight; and the derangement of which is often the cause of disease connected with the semilunar ganglion and solar plexus. As illustrative of his views of disease, he exhibited some rare and valuable preparations of the eye and ear, which excited much interest. The whole lecture was highly instructive and gratifying. We observe the lecturer has in the press, besides a second edition of his "Essay on the Deaf and Dumb," a Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, with a new method of curing incipient blindness by external applications and constitutional treatment, whereby the pain and uncertainty of operations may be avoided.

Sydney.—A bush-ranger, of the name of George Clark, is reported to have discovered a great river far to the north of Bathurst, and a rich tract of country extending to the sea-coast.

New Gold Mine.—A French traveller, of the name of Linat, is said to have discovered a rich gold mine in the mountains on the isthmus of Suez; of the produce of which he has conveyed several chests to Cairo.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The first volume of the Works by the Author of *Com Law Rhymes*, embellished with a likeness of the Author, containing the *Splendid Village*, the *Exile*, &c. &c.

Mr. Gordon's New Topographical Dictionary complete, with 54 4to. Maps.

A new edition, with Additions, of *Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture*, in a Series of Designs for Gate-Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences, by T. F. Hunt, Architect.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Edinburgh Review, No. CXI. 6s. ad.—Sir J. E. Smith's Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Thomson's *Materia Medica*, 8vo. Vol. I. 15s. bds.—B. Cooper's *Lectures on Anatomy*, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 15s. bds.—Percival's *Anatomy of the Horse*, 8vo. 20s. cloth.—Edwards on the use of Physical Agents in Life, &c. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Cameron on Diet, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Prophetic Messenger, 1833, 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Geographical Annual, 1833, 21s. morocco.—Biblical Annual, 1833, 21s. morocco.—Poole's Family Account-Book, 1833, 3s. ad.; 4s. hf.-bd.; Cellar-Book, 3s. ad.; 4s. hf.-bound.—Little Library, Vol. IX. Aspin's Sports, 4s. hf.-bd.—Lafayette, Louis Philippe, and the Revolution, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Craven Derby, by the Author of "Cruckford's," 2 vols. 8vo. 51s. bds.—Mundell's Examination of Evidence on the Bank Charter, 2s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank S. for his lines, but cannot insert them. The Annuals still press so temporarily on our weekly sheet, that we have again allotted a larger space to them than we could wish, for the sake of other matters. But their reign requires only a temporary suspension of our other duties; and we hope after next Saturday to become more general.

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